

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)



Tel. Bert Eckersley, meet the Twins

No, we won't make light of Telegraphist Bert Eckersley's secret wish, because one of these days his wife may spring a surprise.

You see, Bert dreams of becoming the father of twins, and everyone will wish him luck in this bold and noble ambition.

When a "Good Morning" reporter called at Bert's home at 54, Lever Edge Lane, Bolton, Lancs., he thought that the Submariner's dream had



already come true. But the two five-months-old blue eyed boys turned out to be twin sons of his sister-in-law, Mrs. Miriam Hamilton.

It seems that Bert has been itching for a leave ever since they were born, but up to the present he hasn't had a chance to see them. In every letter to his wife he talks of himself pushing their pram, and adds, "I'll train me up to wheeling out a 'couple' of my own." (Or is it Bert's joke?).

The twins, David and John, certainly won't disappoint Bert when he takes them out. Our reporter can assure him of that because he pushed their pram a little way (only a very little way) along the Lever Edge Lane just to see what it felt like.

"Good Morning" found everyone well at home, Bert. Your wife looked very bright and happy and that mother-in-law you're so proud of was saying something about a potato pie.

Unfortunately our representative couldn't stop for a meal, but he shared a glass of milk with the twins.

Good Hunting, feller!

THIS VILLAGE IS UPSIDE DOWN

Recently I discovered "topsy-turvy" village. Only four miles from the heart of a Lancashire cotton town this tiny village is a joke against itself, for it has:

A steeple without a church; A church without a steeple; Houses with the backs to the front, and the fronts to the back;

A public house which is called "The House Without a Name";

A mystery saint to whom its church, built 72 years ago, has been dedicated.

It is the village of Bradshaw, near Bolton, which has only ten roads.

"The House Without a Name" faces a row of houses whose backyards are in Church-street, the main street, and the fronts in a back-street. The houses were built long before the main street was made and what is now the back of the main street was then the principal thoroughfare.

The vicar, the Rev. A. A. Boxley, told me "The church is likely to remain without a steeple because there is a tentative proposal that a vestry should be erected instead. It is the only church in this country so named."

HAD OPEN GOAL— DIDN'T KNOW IT

WHEN Sheffield Wednesday secured the transfer from Tottenham Hotspur of Jimmy Seed, the international inside-right—now as successful as Charlton Athletic's manager—the majority of football followers thought that he was in the twilight of what had been a great career.

But Jimmy Seed, and Sheffield Wednesday, had other ideas.

The Wednesday were in low water. They languished at the foot of the First Division, and appeared a certainty for relegation. But, again, Seed and the Sheffield players had other views...

At first Jimmy Seed's presence in the Wednesday team did not appear to pay dividends. Then came the F.A. Cup, that competition which makes giants of small teams, minnows of the great.

In this case a Sheffield Wednesday team, showing none of the form which had made the club famed as one of the most powerful in the game, began to attract attention.

First they beat Swindon, and then Bournemouth, displaying form that surprised even their greatest admirers, and when the next round was drawn Wednesday found themselves facing their local rivals, Sheffield United, on the Hillsborough ground.

The Blades—as the United are known—happened to be in first-class form, and few imagined that they would do anything but win when the

gates were opened, and the patient crowd, most of whom had put in a hard morning's work at the factory, surged into the ground.

When the time arrived for the two teams to take the field, every inch of space was occupied. I had to breathe with about fifty other men, even to see the game.

And what a match this turned out to be!

★
John Allen
continues
"The
Crowd Roared"

Encouraged by the two Sheffield camps, and with everything to play for—prestige, gate-money, and the prospect of Wembley—both sides gave a great exhibition of first-class play. At times the scientific side of the game did not always show itself; hard knocks were given, and taken in the best of spirits.

And always, behind every

combined Wednesday move, the figure of quiet, cool and clever Jimmy Seed stood out. Steadiness he brought to a Wednesday team that had been shaken by many reverses.

Encouragement he gave to men who had long forgotten their shooting boots. Confidence to a defence that had been pierced more times than it dared to think about!

The critical Sheffield football fans began to take an interest in the dark-haired inside-right. He was up with his forwards one minute; shortly afterwards he would be back with the defenders, holding out the sharp and hard-shooting United forwards.

With but three minutes to go for time, the United and Wednesday were on level terms and many spectators were leaving the ground. Then Mark Hooper, the Wednesday right-winger, received a perfect pass from Alf Strange, his right-half.

Mark was a real Tich, standing little higher than a pile of coins and taking only a size 4 in boots. But what he lacked in inches he made up for with speed and wonderful dribbling ability.

He beat three men in his headlong rush down the touch-line. The cheers of the crowd were ringing in his ears; five hundred excited fans told him what to do with the ball. But Mark played his own game, waited until he had positioned himself "according to plan," then made a perfect centre.



Jimmy Seed

Jimmy Seed, sensing such a move, had run into position. He had that feeling "every player gets at some time, 'This is a goal.'" He was only four yards from the United goal. Opposing defenders made a rush for Seed, but the Wednesday man kept cool.

Then, at the right moment he stepped forward and crashed the ball for goal.

Like a bullet it left the Wednesday star's instep—and Jimmy Seed waited for the cheers of the crowd and handshakes of his team-mates.

But nothing happened!

For a moment Jimmy was too surprised to think anything—but awakened to the fact that he was surrounded by United defenders. The crowd were shouting Seed's name. But Jimmy, in the commotion, could not hear just what they were saying. Then Tom Sampy, the 'Blades' defender, with a mighty kick, cleared the ball up-field.

Every Wednesday player looked stunned—but Seed did know until later what had happened. The United goal-keeper, by a superb effort, had managed to stop the ball, without holding it, and the leather had rolled just behind Seed's right heel. Ted Harper, the Wednesday centre-forward, could have slipped in and scored, for no other defenders were near, but did not wish to spoil Seed's well-earned effort!

So, while Wednesday fans were roaring themselves hoarse and nearly having heart-failure with excitement, their star forward did not know that he had an open goal behind him!

As it was, the Wednesday lost the replay, but this probably proved a blessing in disguise, for Jimmy Seed led his team away from the foot of the First Division table, securing seventeen out of a possible twenty points—and the team that went down was his old club, Spurs!

But for all his success since, Jimmy Seed, I feel certain, will put those hectic minutes of a hectic game at Hillsborough among the most amazing, and thrilling, of all time.

I know the Hillsborough crowd hold that view—and they're a stolid people who rarely get excited!

LAMOUR—a naughty cal yarn

HELLO, submariners. Here's the clatter of the kitchen. A nautical news story with "Certainly," said Momma. A naughty flavour, and this is "Thanks, Ma," replied Jackie. After that, Jackie locked himself in the room every night, studied hard for a week to make things look good—then, every night after that, he'd study for half an hour, open the window, slip out for a couple of hours, and return in good time so as not to arouse any suspicions.

And where did Jackie spend his time? Back-stage at Dewsbury Empire, listening to and chatting with the small-time stars that visited this hall. Yes, Jackie had got the call of the boards badly. He was sick to go on the stage, but the folks said "No" and they meant it. Meanwhile, Jackie's Dad—a Dewsbury policeman—had bought an accordion, upon which he was diligently practising. When Jackie asked if he could have a dabble, Poppa was adamant. "If I catch you on this accordion," said Pop Scorah, "I'll give you a good hiding." Jackie swallowed twice. When Pop was on his beat

and Mum was out shopping, Jackie polished up the accordion and soon picked up enough from the instruction book to knock a tune out of it.

He was about halfway through an American medley one afternoon when Pop came in unexpectedly. Was Jackie's face red!! The worst of it was, his face wasn't the only part of him that was red after that.

To cut a long story short, Jackie won his battle with his folks, and went on the stage with Wally Beadle and his show. Very soon Jackie was rating a near-top on the bill, both as a soloist and as the leader of an accordion band. Then came Mister Hitler and his bit of bother.

They put Jackie in a sailor's uniform, sent him out on the high seas. West Africa was one of his ports of call. Jackie's convoy was bringing stuff for the Yanks, and in return for their hard work the Yank commander invited the boys along to a camp show.

Glad to be back near a stage again, Jackie footed around with the stage-hands, found an accordion, and began to give out some jive. "Say, boy, but you can play that squeezebox," said a husky feminine voice just behind. And when Jackie turned round—yes, fellas, it was La Lamour.

Jackie didn't tell me whether she was plus or minus sarong—and being a gentleman (like all reporters) I didn't ask.

Anyway, Jackie was slipped into the show, and Yanks and Limeys alike gave him a big hand. But the high-spot was taking Dottie out for a crawl around the joints of the great port where they had docked.

And if Jackie, now a husky sailor of nearly 22, felt a twinge as he sat down at a night-club table... hell! it was worth it, wasn't it?

R. Bedford



Your letters are welcome! Write to
"Good Morning"
c/o Press Division,
Admiralty,
London, S.W.1

Two Women— They were Bitches

THE following day the three ladies, Zobeide, Amine and Safie were brought to the palace of Caliph Haroun Alraschid, where they recognised him as the traveller who had spent the previous night at their house.

The Caliph requested them to tell him their stories, and these were now related by Scheherazade to her Sultan the following night as follows:—

Commander of the Faithful (said Zobeide) the relation which I am about to give your majesty, is one of the strangest that ever was heard.

The two black bitches and myself are sisters by the same father and mother; and I shall acquaint you by what strange accident they came to be metamorphosed.

The two ladies that live with me, and are now here, are also my sisters by the father's side, but by another mother: the name of her who has the scars on her breast, is Amine, the other is Safie, and mine is Zobeide.

After our father's death, my other two sisters and myself stayed with our mother, who was then alive, and when she died, left each of us a thousand sequins. As soon as we received our portions, the two elder (for I am the youngest) being married, followed their husbands, and left me alone.

Some time after that, my eldest sister's husband sold all that he had, and with the money and my sister's portion, they went both into Africa, where her husband, by riotous living and debauchery, spent all; and, finding himself reduced to poverty, he found a pretext for divorcing my sister, and put her away.

Our third sister came in as bad a condition as the elder: her husband had treated her after the same manner, and I received her likewise with the same affection I had done the former.

We continued thus a whole year in perfect love and tranquility; and seeing that God had increased my small stock, I projected a voyage by sea, to somewhat in trade.

To this end, I went with my two sisters to Balsora, where I bought a ship ready fitted for sea, and laded her with such merchandise as I brought from Bagdad. We set sail with a fair wind, and soon got through the Persian Gulf; and when we got into the ocean, we steered our course for the Indies, and saw land the twentieth day. It was a very high mountain, at the bottom of which we saw a great town; and, having a fresh gale, we soon reached the harbour, where we cast anchor.

JANE



I went ashore in the boat myself; and, making directly to the gate of the town, I saw there a great number of men upon guard, some sitting and others standing, with batons in their hands; but perceiving they had no motion, nay, not so much as with their eyes, I took courage, and went nearer, and then found they were all turned into stone.

I entered the town, and passed through several streets, where there stood every where men in several postures, but all unmoving and petrified. On that side the merchants lived, I found most of the shops shut; and in such as were open, I likewise found the people petrified.

About midnight, I heard a voice, like that of a man, reading the Alcoran, after the same manner, and in the same tone, as we read it in our mosques. Being extremely glad to hear it, I got up immediately, and, taking a torch in my hand to light me, I passed from one chamber to another on that side where the voice came from.

I came to the closet-door, where I stood still, no wise doubting that it came from thence. I set down my torch upon the ground; and, looking through a window, I found it to be an oratory.

I saw a little carpet laid down, like those we have to kneel upon when we say prayers; and a comely young man sat upon this carpet, reading the Alcoran, which lay before him upon a desk, with great devotion.

The young man cast his eyes upon me, and said, My good lady, pray let me know who you are, and what has brought you to this desolate city?

I told him in a few words.

Madam, says the young man, you have given me to understand you have the knowledge of a true God, by the prayer you have just now addressed to him. I will acquaint you with the most remarkable effects of his greatness and power. You must know, that this city was the metropolis of a mighty kingdom, over which the king my father reigned. That prince, his whole court, the inhabitants of the city, and all his other subjects were Magi, worshippers of fire, and of Nardoun, the ancient king of the giants, who rebelled against God.

It is about three years and some months ago, that a thundering voice was heard all on a sudden so distinctly through the whole city, that nobody could miss hearing it. I am the only person that did not suffer under that heavy judgment. I am persuaded, dear lady, that God has sent you hither for my comfort, for which I render him infinite thanks; for this solitary life is very uneasy.

Prince, said I, there is no doubt but Providence has brought me into your port, to present you with an opportunity of withdrawing from this dismal place: it is impossible you can stay any longer in a city where all the objects you see must renew your grief: my vessel is at your

service, where you may absolutely command as you shall think fit.

The seamen were taken up several days in unloading the merchandise I brought along with me, and embarking, instead of that, all the precious things in the palace, as jewels, gold, and money. At last we set sail, with a wind as favourable as we could wish.

The young prince, my sisters, and myself, enjoyed ourselves for some time very agreeably: but, alas! this good understanding did not last long; for my sisters grew jealous of the friendship between the prince and me, and maliciously asked me one day, what we should do with him when we came to Bagdad.

I answered them, I will take him for my husband: and upon that, said, turning to the prince, Sir, I humbly beg of you to give your consent: for, as soon as we come to Bagdad, I design to offer you my person to be your slave, to do all the service that is in my power, and resign myself wholly to your commands.

We were come into the Persian Gulf, and not far from Balsora, in the night, when I was asleep, my sisters watched their time, and threw me overboard: they did the same to the prince, who was drowned.

I swam some minutes on the water; but by good fortune, or rather miracle, I felt ground.

I laid myself down in a shade; and soon after I saw a winged serpent, very large and long, coming towards me, wriggling to the right and to the left, and hanging out his tongue, which

The THOUSAND and ONE NIGHTS



made me think he had got some hurt.

I arose, and saw a serpent larger than he, following him, holding him by the tail, and endeavouring to devour him.

I had compassion on him; and had the boldness and courage to take up a stone that by chance lay by me; and threw it at the great serpent with all my strength, which I hit on the head and killed. The other, finding himself at liberty, took to his wings, and flew away.

When I awaked, judge how I was surprised to see a black woman by me, of a lively and agreeable complexion, who held two bitches tied together in her hand, of the same colour.

I sat up, and asked her who she was: I am, said she, the serpent, whom you delivered not long since from my mortal enemy. I knew not how to acknowledge the great kindness you did me, but by doing what I have done.

I knew the treachery of your sisters; and, to revenge you on them, as soon as I was set at liberty by your generous assistance, I called several of my companions together, fairies like myself: we have carried all the lading that was in your vessel into your storehouses in Bagdad, and afterwards sunk it.

These two black bitches are your sisters, whom I have transformed into this shape: but this punishment is not sufficient: for I will have you to treat them after such a manner as I shall direct.

Before she left me, she delivered me the two bitches, and told me, If you will not be changed into a bitch as they are, I ordain you, in the name of him that governs the sea, to give each of your sisters every night a hundred lashes with a rod, for the punishment of the crime they have committed against your person, and the young

prince they have drowned. I was forced to promise that I would obey her order. If there be anything else with relation to myself, that you desire to be informed of, my sister Amine will give you the full discovery of it, by the relation of her story.

Upon this, Amine addressed herself to the caliph, and began her story.

(To be continued)

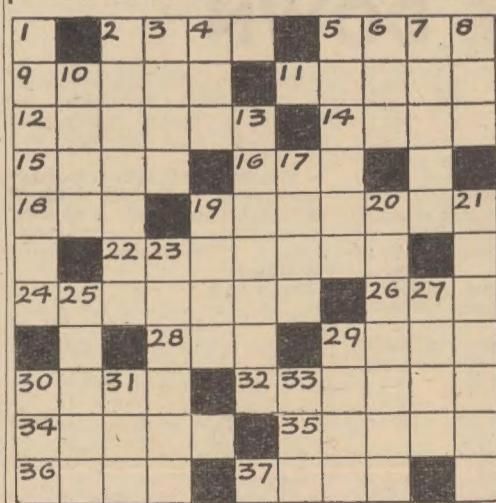
QUIZ for today

1. A sicca is a small knife, dry wine, new coin, insect, gum-tree?
2. What is the proper name of the bird sometimes called the shufflewing?
3. If you scored a "sice" in a game, with what would you be playing?
4. How many grooves would you say there were in the milling round the edge of a sixpence?
5. Where is the Kalahari Desert?
6. Which of the following are mis-spelt? Porridge, Borrige, Tonnidge, Midge, Colidge.

Answers to Quiz in No. 462

1. Japanese military chief.
2. (a) Dugong, (b) cormorant, (c) osprey, (d) porpoise.
3. Egbert of Wessex.
4. Jungles of the Orinoco, Venezuela.
5. Cribbage.
6. Kenway and Young, Debenham and Freebody, Ardving and Hobbs, Victoria and Albert, Olsen and Johnson.

CROSSWORD CORNER



CLUES ACROSS.

- 2 Copious supply.
- 5 Pet dog.
- 9 Refresh.
- 11 Imposing series.
- 12 Flowering plant.
- 14 Malaria fever.
- 15 Estimate.
- 16 Triumph.
- 18 Fuss.
- 19 Wafer.
- 22 Small part of plant.
- 24 Dominant idea.
- 26 Honour.
- 28 Wrath.
- 29 Box.
- 30 Extinct bird.
- 32 Repeat aloud.
- 34 Concerning.
- 35 Cook.
- 36 Cricket scores.
- 37 Chopped.

CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Hoot at. 2 Big workshop. 3 Enjoy. 4 Number. 5 Spring. 6 Unit of work. 7 N. Zealand conifer. 8 Potato leaf-bud. 10 Drive. 13 Chirp. 17 Ait. 19 Ill-mannered man. 20 Visionary. 21 In addition. 23 Vegetables. 25 Wood. 27 Plays cricket. 29 Flat boat. 30 Fish. 31 Scottish river. 33 Before.

BEELZEBUB JONES



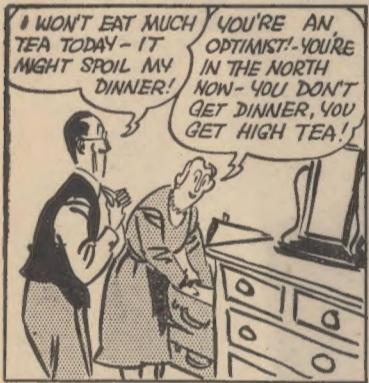
BELINDA



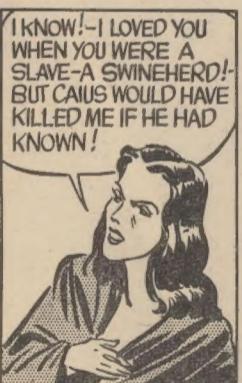
POPEYE



RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



Houses of Mystery

By J. M. MICHAELSON

THE need for accommodation that has arisen as a result of bombing, evacuation and requisitioning during the war has resulted in several "mystery" houses being discovered.

Typical is one in Southgate, which was taken over by the council as a furniture store. All efforts to trace the owners failed. Even when it was requisitioned, no one came forward to claim compensation. Why the house was built and so completely abandoned remains a mystery. The local story is that it was built for a young married couple and that a tragedy prevented them taking possession of it, but no one knows their names!

Sometimes the explanation of a "mystery house" is quite simple. Not long after the last war a deserted villa near Brighton became "news" when people started reporting "ghosts" in it. The villa was empty and deserted, but in due course the owner was found to be an aged lady living in London. She had left the house some years before and simply forgotten all about it! The ghosts and other "effects" were supplied by a local practical joker who had noticed the house was apparently "abandoned."

Twenty years ago some of the secrets of the house of a man who died in Camberwell with 6s. 8d. in his pockets and 5s. to his credit at the bank were revealed. For years he had lived alone in a fifteen-roomed house, and it was found to be stacked with art treasures worth many thousands of pounds.

Richard Charles Jackson had great knowledge and exceptional taste in pictures, books and antiques, and he spent thousands of pounds as a collector. When things went hardly he preferred to stand alone and gaze at his pictures, living on a loaf of bread, to selling anything. In the house was a chapel with an organ, and here on Sunday he would "celebrate" a service himself, wearing gorgeous vestments. Yet he would go out to buy his loaf of bread wearing nothing but an old coat and trousers and canvas shoes! This strange, romantic hermit, who lived alone in the middle of millions, bequeathed two of his Rubens pictures to the National Gallery.

The mystery of a house in a Midland town that had been locked and barred for thirty years was solved at last when lawyers managed to find the next-of-kin of a man named Woodhouse who had died abroad. Neighbours, who had known the house to be empty for as long as they could remember, were astonished when one day they saw a man drive up and open the door. Inside, the man found everything exactly as it had been when the house was abandoned, except that the moths had destroyed carpets and that there was decay everywhere. The story behind the tragedy was that of a wealthy merchant who had prepared to welcome home his son from abroad to celebrate his 21st birthday. He had arranged a big party. A few hours before the party he received a telegram. His son had been killed in a railway accident.

Woodhouse locked himself up for three days, then walked out of the house, having paid off all the servants. He disappeared completely. Apparently he lived abroad for many years, and so completely cut himself off from everything associated with his former life that when he died many years passed before the lawyers could find any relatives entitled to the property.

One of the most astonishing "mystery houses" in the world was that built by Dr. Edwin Sandy at Susanville, California, which shortly after his death in 1937 was turned into a museum. Sandy was nearly seven feet tall, and apparently had been told by a girl he wanted to marry that life with a "human telegraph pole" at a fun-fair would be impossible. He spent the rest of his life and his fortune constructing a mystery house where everything was designed to humiliate women guests!

The house was built on seven piles shaped like a woman's leg. Every room was panelled with distorting mirrors calculated to make Venus look like a witch. The staircase was a "trick" one, which, when a woman stepped on it, went flat, so that she slipped to the bottom, where a blast of air threw her skirts over her head. The ceiling of the guest-room was painted with vivid scenes of historical occasions on which women have betrayed men. As soon as the guest got into bed, a voice through a concealed loud-speaker recited an explanation of the pictures!

The doctor's masterpiece was a bed which was fixed on rails. As soon as the occupant got in, it started to move like a scenic railway, getting faster and faster as it careered down the house. Finally it crashed into a "wall," which proved to have doors, and turned the occupant upside down in a room where the doctor had gathered his male friends! The victims of this strange eccentric were generally visitors to the town, and always married women. Needless to say, the doctor himself never found a wife!

Good
Morning

PIN UP GIRL



Keep your eye
on the job, Nemo
or you won't hit
the nail on the
head.

"Heck, with the
nail—look who's
here!"



It's La Grable, of 20th Century,
believed to be more pinned-up
than any other girl. Up aloft is
the life-sized smile and familiar
signature, and to the left is the
posture that pleases. What's the
darned horse looking away for,
anyway!

Fancy your
being able to
do the fandango! She doesn't
do it, you twirp, she dances it.

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

